Select Miscellany

RELIGION. Religion is no leaf of faded green, Or flower of vanished fragrance, pressed between The pages of a Bible; but from seeds Of love it springeth, watered by good deeds.

Her Faith-Cure.

The day has been cold and fretful, but Mrs. Ferris, sitting quietly by her fireside, gave only a passing thought to the cheerless weather. She had placed a large lantern in the porch, which sent its flood of encouraging light no more than a couple of rods into the fog, as she was ont to do every night of the year. This light had guided many a wayfarer along the black, freacherous road, just as the beacon on Captain's Island had kindly served many a storm-bound vessel off the

Mrs. Ferris was always throwing light upon some one's pathway. She was so brave and tender-hearted, so unselfish and wisely observant, that I suppose she could not help doing good every day of her life. Even when she established herself in her little willow rocking-chair before the glowing grate, after Betty, the colored domestic, had removed the tea things, the kind heart was not given to private speculations or idle reveries. To-night, however, her thoughts were evidently personal. For once she was thinking of herself. Not of self alone, for Mrs. Ferris had a son Ben, a tall, stalwart, noble fellow (so the neighbors described him), and he was having a large share of her thought to-night. The mother, whose wealth of affection for her son was simply measureless, was living over the past—a pardonable indulgence in one so lonely

It seemed but a few months since she was left a penniless widow, with three little boys clinging to her skirts. Two of them went away in the early June after their father died, and they never came back to her except in dreams. Many a time had she and Ben put the simple flowers of the field and forest upon their tiny graves. She was thinking of these frost-nipped lives as the silent tears fell upon her heedless hands. But she was a woman that could not brook dependence : so when the first autumn after her sorrow came, she was toiling in the school-room and sewing in the retirement of her attic chamber. Weary struggles soften under the subdued light of the long ago. It is not strange, therefore, that Mrs. Ferris lived those anxious, busy days over again with somewhat of quiet satisfaction, for she achieved a merited success through all the conflict, although at the expense of time, health, and repose.

By dint of ceaseless toil and prudent management, she had supported herself and her child, and even laid aside a respectable sum for the education of Ben. When she thought of the determined efforts which she put forth to send her boy to college; how she skimped, and starved. and saved; how she worked early and late; how she wore one bonnet four seaand went without a pair of black kid gloves for five years,—when she thought of all this her eyes flushed, and she gloried in her brave self-denial and weafisome labor.

Ben went to college when he was seventeen. He was obliged to be rightly eco-nomical. He did not dress very well. Life presented a queer aspect to him some of the time, but he did not mind it so much when he thought of his greathearted, noble-spirited mother. He could bear things for her sake that he would not bear for his own. Ben was a proud fellow. It was in the blood. And when, at the end of the freshman year, he came home to his mother, bringing his first prize, I doubt if there could be found two happier people upon the face of the earth than this widow and her manly son.

Ben's college work was triumphantly concluded. And then he took matters into his own hands. "Now, mother." says he, "you've served me twenty-one years. Your time's out. We'll change places. I'll serve you twenty-one years. And the great, strong, healthy, handsome son, in his precious young manhood, was true to his word and purpose.

Those were bright days, when Ben came down to the city every night, and told his mother of his progress in the study of law, and how he had as many private pupils to instruct as he had hours

to give them. But these three years pass swiftly. Mrs. Ferris remembers the parting as though it were yesterday. Ben started for the West. The prospects were better for him in one of those earnest, busy, growing cities. How anxiously the mother watched for tidings! Her face assumes a pleading, expectant look even as she sits by her fireside to-night, long since the uncertain days were lived. "Thank God," says the good woman. She speaks quite unconsciously, and her voice startles her from her revery. She "thanked God" that Ben was established and prospering, and the words were the echo of words spoken more than ten years ago. And Ben did succeed in quite a phenomenal way. His physique was greatly in his favor, men of large frame, good flesh, and strong nerve hold their less fortunate brethren at a disadvantage. Then Ben's manners were frank, generous, prepossessing. His scholarship went for less than his native sagacity and politeness. But his irresistible characteristics were vim, push, vigor, energy, force. It was useless to oppose the strong, aggressive personslity of the man. Of course he succeeded. And he never, in all his striving, for one moment forgot his mother. She was the idol of his heart. He did not want her in the West with him. No, for the life was unsuited to her. She could not thrive in such an atmosphere. Wickedness was too bold and shameless, vice too flagrant and offensive, for one of her pure, devout nature. So Ben made a home for her in the old town by the Sound.

How well she remembered the day when, after four year's absence in the West, her boy came back to her! Mrs. Ferris rises from her chair and paces the floor in the stress of her nervous excitement. She is going all through that happy day's experience. Ben came in all the flush and beauty of splendid manhood. He found her in the garden. Softly he stepped upon the neat turf border of the walk until, unheard, he stood behind her, when his arms just clasped her, and with the word "mother" still alive upon his lips, he bent, over the frail startled women and gently imprinted a kiss upon her pale brow. The neighbors said that he took her in his arms and carried her helpless as an infant, into the house. She never denied that such was the fact, for the truth of it is, she could not remember. What she did rememberand it sends the blood coursing through her veins to-night with some of the old vigor—was the voice of Ben saying with a glad boyish enthusiasm, "Mother, I hear that the old Mead place is for sale. They ask eight thousand dollars for it. I have got six thousand dollars in my pocket. I

two thousand dollars and pay the rest in cash—and then you shall have your birth-day present." (The day following was Mrs. Ferris's birthday. She had well Mrs. Ferris's birthday. She had well nigh forgotten it.) And the boy was as good as his word.

How proud the mother was of this robust, affectionate specimen of humanity. To night she counts the number of times that he has journeved to and fro between the East and the West. The mortgage is paid, the six scres handsomely improved, the house comfortably furnished, and as homelike a home as you could find in all the country round. And now the mother is thinking when Ben will come again. His law business called him to New York once or twice a year. It is about time for him to put in his welcome appearance.

"I wonder what sort of a night it is?" says Mrs. Ferris to Betty, as she spreads the table for the next morning meal. "I don't hear those frightful fog-whistles so often as early in the evening. Is that the wind? Why the fog must have cleared away! And, sure enough, it rains! Well. Betty, go to bed. I shall wait until the theatre train goes by. The weather theatre train goes by. makes me restless, I think."

So the mother takes her book in hand and sits by the table reading. The wind continues to rise. It pulls harshly at the blinds. The lantern in the portico creeks as if pained by the struggle to retain its proper position. The rain strikes the east trees side of the house spitefully, the old groan and lament, the storm waxes angry and still angry. Suddenly Mrs. Ferris hears the wild whistle of the theatre tain. It whistles for down breaks. The train stops at the station. "Dear me! who can be coming on the train at this time of savs Mrs. Ferris. Again the whistle shricks, the train goes on, and the traveler, whoever he may be, is left to grope in the dark and the mnd and the storm.

Herk! the gate creaks. Has the wind lifted the latch, or does it yield to some human touch? The mistress peers through the window into the gloom. Her heart takes a great leap. A man is coming up the walk. He sways to and fro in the wind as though impotent to fight the storm. It is Ben! And the mother hastens to the front porch, steps fearlessly into the face of the tempest, and cries, "Ben!" Yes, it is he. He climbs the His mother clasps him to her heart. He fails to respond. There is a wildness about him that is very strange. He greans as if in great distress. "O my boy! in God's name tell me what has happened?" His utterance is thick, yet vehement, his tone is that of anguish and despair. They stand in the doorway-the storm beating in upon them savagely, relentlessly—they look into each other's faces. The son is storm-stained, shivering, hopeless, the mother startled, appealing, terror stricken.

" Mother, I am lost, ruined! Curse me!" The mother-instinct rose superior to all Quick as thought the mother drew her boy into the cosey room and placed him within the light and warmth of the glowing fire. Then she brought him dry changes of garments, set the tea kettle a-singing upon the kitchen stove, made the snow-white table to groan beneath the weight of rich, substantial fare, and -all to no purpose. Her boy followed her with eyes that told alternate tales of weariness and frenzy. The fire was bright, but he shivered by its side; the garments were clean and warm, but that brought no comfort; the food was all the best, but it could not tempt him. No, he was burdened with the weight of a woeful sin and material things could afford no solace or relief. And now we leave mother and son alone. Their confidences are sacred, and we give them due respect. When Bennett Ferris began work in the

West he was as clean in life as any man you could name. But it sometimes occurs that radical changes in one's surroundings and associations will work radical changes in one's character, although the individual's habits of life may have been previously well fixed. Especially is this true of sensitive, impressible natures. Meanwhile the better instincts will live and perpetually assert themselves in curious unexpected ways. Now Ben was a man whose very virtues made him peculiarly susceptible to certain vices. And when he did not breathe the pure atmosphere of a Christian home his danger was extreme. So his history was the history of a weary throng of men. He mingled with men, and he became as other men of like parts and passions. His hours were late, but he was never accused of drinking to excess. He played well, but he never played high, and he was always prompt to pay his gambling debts. According to the code of morals that obtained in the city where Ben practiced law, he was a man of unimpeachable integrity and superior char-acter. He was trusted with large sums of money in his journeyings to New York. He was foremost in all laudable enterprises for the improvement of his city. He gave generously to all philanthropic and religious appeals. His fine library, which cost him some eight thousand dollars, was open to all comers. In fact he was a man who was deemed worthy, by common consent, to hold the judgeship of that section, and the franchises of the

people called him to that honorable When Judge Ferris came to New York in March he carried with him five or six thousand dollars of his own earnings, which he purposed to invest for his mother (always thinking of his mother), and ten thousand dollars for a friend, which he was to dispose of in a certain interest. He arrived in the city on the morning of the 20th. He spent the day with several old cropies from the West whom he had not seen in many a day. He drank with them. He played with them. In the exuberance of good feeling he did, for the first time, perhaps, end in excess. He became sadly muddled. Human vultures, ever watchful for their prey, seized upon him. They led him on to high stakes. He lost. Drowning all prudence in whiskey straight, he risked every dollar that belonged to him. And then he did not stop. He risked every dollar that his friend had entrusted to him, and all was lost.

Judge Ferris was a ruined man. And what were his thoughts? Vain the attempt to paint them. In flashes of reason he heard his mother's voice. And it was that delusion that drew him away from the river's brink and lured him to the theatre train. He entered his mother's home as pitiable a human wreck as you can find in many a day upon the shores of time. For the wounded, bleeding soul of an erring, guilty man what balm equals a mother's deathless affection? Well for Benn t: Ferris that God in his mercy

spared him his mother! To this sweet and stainless nature the stricken man revealed himself. He harshly told the story of his career, and then he relapsed into an ominous silence. At last the mother became fearful of immediate and appalling consequences. She asserted her authority. She compelled him to lie got six thousand dollars in my pocket. I her authority. She compelled him to lie amount of substantial properties in Benshall buy that place—give a mortgage for down upon her own bed. She tried to net Ferris' own name bear witness to his

soothe him by touch and voice. But it seemed useless. His brain was on fire. He talked wildly, incoherently. It was frightful, for ere long he did not know his mother, and she feared that death was staring him in the face. Before the hour was gone the doctor was summoned. Betty was actively ministering to her mistress' calls, while the ravings of the sick man and the wild chorus of the winds made the March night hideous and bodeful.

It was a case of brain fever, the doctor said. The strong constitution of the sufferer was greatly in his favor, but evidently he would have a seige of it. So the mother nursed him through the night and through the following day. The storm did not abate. Nevertheless, when evening came Mrs. Ferris left the bedside for the first time, and under the escort of her farm-boy she plunged into the blackness of the tempestuous evening. What could call her from home and the side of her sick boy at such a time? She must have become infected with her son's delirium! No, she is even now doing that which looks to the healing of the dear one of her heart. All day long she has planned how she may save him from the woeful consequences of his sin. Nothing less than the hope that she might succor him could have driven her from his presence

And now she hastens to the great stone mansion on the hill. An old New York banker has set up his household gods in the place. He is known to Mrs. Ferris as a large-hearted Christian philanthropist. She calls for him. In the library she meets him. They are known to one another. She needs no introduction. With no word of explanation, fired with a brave purpose, she states her earnest need.

"My friend" said she, "I am in great trouble. I must raise ten thousand dollars. My home and its contents cost eleven. Can you give me the money and take a mortgage?"

Her tearless eyes were irresistibly beseeching.

"Mrs. Ferris," replied the banker, after moment's consideration, "I—I will, on behalf of the bank, give you seven thousand dollars on a mortgage-"

"Oh, my God, to whom shall I go for the rest?" interrupted the sorrow-stricken woman in despairing tones."

"And I will lend you the additional three thousand," continued he, brushing away a tear that stole down his cheek. How could a man help it, when such an agonizing appeal was made to him?

"You may give me your note, and perhaps your son had better sign with you." Prudence still asserts itself even in moments of genuine sympathy and grief. The clock strikes the hour. She is home

again, sitting patiently by the bedside.

The next morning a telegram is brought to the judge's "friend" in the western

"My son is very ill. Brain fever, Where shall I deposit our ien thousand dollars? Mus. ROYAL FERRIS." Before the day is sped the reply is put in the mother's bands:

"Sorry the judge is sick. Deposit the cash to my credit in First Broadway National Bank. Telegraph at my expense any change in your son's condition.' And now came the long weary days and

the long restless nights, and then returns the sway of reason in the life of Bennett Ferris. When the first gleams appear the mother tells her story, that her son may know his relief. His words are very few and his tears are very many. Hope has not been kindled in his heart. The world may never hear of his shameless breach of faith and his overwhelming disgrace, but the solemn, treacherous fact remains. And the mother feels that thus her son is reasoning, as day after day his health returns, but not his cheerfulness and buoyancy.

Perhaps it is three weeks since the memorable March night. Mother and son are sitting where the morning sunshine bathes them in its welcome light. It is the decisive hour of a lifetime. "Mother, there's no one in the world

The mother clasps his hand, and draws him close by her side.

"If it were known that I misappropriated that money, I doubt if a single man would defend men. I tell you, mother, this is a rough and heartless world when a man goes wrong in certain directions. He may swear, and drink and gamble, and play fast and loose with women, and yet be called very nice and respectable, but the instant he is "swamped" by reason of these things, then men cuff him and kick him and stamp on him, and he is an outcast."

"Well, my boy, thank God that is not so with you."

"But, mother, if I am not disgraced in the sight of my old associates and clients, the fact is a matter of record that I deserve disgrace, and that I am not trustworthy.' "Ben do not say it. The world might easily lose faith in you, but I, never.

"Yes, mother, you're good and I'm "Now, Ben," and the mother rose from her chair and faced her boy. "The day has come. You are disheartened and hopeless. I see that you do not care to return to your western life. You feel that, how-ever men may trust you, you can never trust yourself, and a man that cannot trust himself is a sorry dependence. My boy, you cannot change the past, but you can redeem the past. You cannot wipe out a fact, but God in his infinite love has so ordered life that we can evoke good from evil and transform a bitter memory into a piteous and merciful warning. That which you have done is done. God pardon you for your sin and crime. But t stands to-day, not as a relentless, vindictive tyrant, but as a heavy chastise ment—a fiery discipline, persuading the heart to manlier effort. O Ben, my dear son, I have a charge for you. I know not whether the prayer of faith to-day will heal the sick of body. But this I know, there is a faith-cure that is real—the faithcure of the soul. There is work for you to do and you will do it well. There is a noble life for you to live, and, my son, you will live it. I dare not say to the diseased body, in the name of Christ, 'Be healed,' but I dare say to your suffering spirit, in Christ's name, 'Be healed.' faith in the Savior is quenchless. My

faith in you is undying."

It is the blossomful month of June, and just twenty-one years since Bennett Ferris took his plunge into the cold world. The judge—now member of congress—is at home with his mother. The neighbors are entirely poverty-stricken when they look for words to express their es-teem and admiration for the man. They come in large numbers to pay their respects to him. But now at twilight he sits alone. He is thinking of the words he spoke so many years ago, "Mother, you've served me twenty-one years. Your time's out. We'll change places. I'll serve you twenty-one years." And now the record of the happy servitude is fin-ished. All debts are paid, the mortgage lifted, a snug sum has been invested in bank stock for the mother, a reasonable

prosperity. But what are these things worth over against a sterling manhood?
A better work than the builded fortune, he has built a noble character. And whatever may be the virtue of faith touching the cure of the body, no one can deny its virtue touching the cure of the soul, for here was a faith-cure veritable and enduring .- Frank S. Child, in Illinois Christian Weekly.

Hew Advertisements

I have been troubled for over twelve years with a weakness of the kidneys and bladder, which the doctors said was diabetes. I could not at times stand up, and would have to continually use the urinal both day and night, with intense pains in my back and sides; there was brick-dust deposits in my water; I could not rest well or lie easily in bed in any posture. I was at that time employed by the Maine Central Railroad, and had to give up work for a time. Fearing that it would sooner or later turn to that dreaded Bright's disease. I called in my son in Lewiston, who is in the drug business, and, after consulting with him as to my case, he advised me to use Hunt's Remedy, as he knew of so many successful cures that it had made in Lewiston and vicinity. I at once commenced using it and began to improve. I had less pain in my back and sides, my water was passed naturally with less color and no pain, and after using several bottles found that my pains were all gone and the weakness of the kidneys and bladder were cured, and I have no trouble with them now, and can attend to my business; and for one of my years I am en-joying good health, and thanks to Hunt's Rem-edy for it, and I consider it a duty and pleasure to recommend so good a medicine as Hunt's Remedy, and I have taken pains to recommend it to others in this vicinity.

You are at liberty to publish this acknowledgement, hoping it may be the means of helping suffering humanity.

E. B. CLARK, Forniture Dealer,
Formerly with Maine Central Railroad.
NEWPORT, Me., May 17, 1883.

SHERIFF'S STATEMENT. Within the past three years I had occasion to use in my family a medicine for dropsy, as the physicians seemed baffled in the case, and the case was a severe one of bloating, and one of the physicians recommended tapping, and I, as well as one of the attendants, was opposed to it. Hunt's Remedy was recommended by some friend, and the first few doses relieved the pain, and a wonderful improvement took, place at and a wonderful improvement took place at once; and I can truly say that Hunt's Remedy is a wonderful medicine. Several bottles were used, and it proved all that was recommended,

and I cordially recommend its use to those suf-fering from dropsy or kidney troubles. Geo. B. ROBERTSON. Deputy Sheriff. BANGOR, Me., May 18, 1883

IA MAN



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y By the central position of its line, connects the East and two West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Lesvenworth, Atchison, Minneapolic and St. Faul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pamine connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantis and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivated and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Cosches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minucapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE." A New and Direct Line, via Senses and Kanka-kee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanoogs, Atlanta, Au-gusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cineinnat, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapguata, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Chreintati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneap-olis and St. Paul and intermediate points. All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Frants. Trains.

Trains.

Tiekets for sale at all principal Tieket Offices in the United States and Canada. Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

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GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE At your nearest Ticket Office, or address
R. R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN,
Pres. & Gen'l M'gr. Gen'l Tr. & Pass. Agt.,
CHICAGO.

LAUNDRY WAX

Preserves Linen, Gives a Beautiful Finish, Prevents the Iron from Sticking, Saves Labor.

5 CENTS A CAKE.

Ask Your Storekeeper for It. MADE BY

STANDARD OIL CO.,

Cleveland, Ohio.

Farmers' Mutual FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Notice of Assessment.

directors of said company on all ne i class on the following days, to wit:	tes in fore
August 3, 1882	% per cent.
August 23, 1882.	5, per cent.
September 14, 1889	to per cent.
September 28, 1882	hi per cent.
October 12, 1862	12 per cent.
October 26, 1882 November 9, 1882	12 per cent.
November 9, 1882	of their cent.
November 23, 1882	to per cent.
	is per cent.
December 28, 1882	of per cent.
January 25 Inst	WE ERROR COURTS TO
Februares, 1901	15 per cent.
February 8, 1881 February 15, 1881	oor cent.
February 22, 1883	of per cent.
March 8, 1883	at their court.
March 22, 1883	our cent.
April 12, 1883	b per cent.
A 6041 96 1869	2.2 Prese Passant
May 17, 18-3	per cent
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July 26, 1883	14 per cent.
A STATE AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY AND ADDRESS O	

YOUR NAME WILL BE NEATLY printed on FIFTY Chromo CARDS, all different, and sent post-maid for only four 3-cent stamps; six packs for twenty 3-cent stamps. Address UNION CARD CO., Montpelier, Vt.

Mew Advertisements.

who for 8 years, from the top of his head to his ankles was One Mass of Scabs.

MY son, a lad of twelve years of age, was afflicted with the worst form of Eczema for a period of eight years. So virulent was it that from the top of his head scabs, which refused to yield to any treatment that was attempted. Every remedy that was suggested by friends or physicians was tried in vain. Allopathy, homosopathy, herbs, roots, sait water baths, flarseed poulitiess, soaps, ointments, and in short everything that could be done to eradicate the disorder seemed only to aggravate it, and the child's life became a burden to him, and the expense

My wife, reading the advertisement of the Curroun MAMERIES in one of the dully papers resolved to make one more attempt at a cure. (The disease was now encreaching upon his face, and seemed incurable. I gave a re-uctant consent to the proposal, and an interview was sought with a famous lady physician of New York, who made a most thorough examination of the case, and promised a cure without the least hesitation by the use of your Curicura Reserviers. In one were there was a marked change, the raw and anny serse began to grow pale and along the outer edges scaled off and as time wore on they legan to disappear entirely, until at the present writing the only vestige is one-small spot upon the torearm, scarcely visible and fast disappearing.

Thus after eight years of expense and anytisty we have the forearm, scarcery visions and rast unappearing.

This after eight years of expense and anxiety we have
the intense satisfaction of seeing the child's skin as fall
and smooth as it was before this dreadful cutaneous disorder attacked him. Sincerely years.

CHAS, EAYRE HINKLE.

249 FAIRMOUST AVE., JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J.

CHILDROOD and youth are the periods when such diseases yield most readily to those unfailing Skin and Ricoid Specifics, Cuttoura, Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, and Cuttoura and Cuttoura, Small boxes, fifty cents, large boxes, \$1.00. CUTTOURA RESOLVENT, \$1.00 per bottle. Cuttoura Salor, twenty-five cents, Cuttoura Salor, twenty-five cents, Cuttoura Stanting Solor, fifteen cents. Sold by all druggists. Potter Drug and Chem. Co. Boston.

BABY For Infantile and Birth Humors Rough, Chapped, or Greasy Skins BEAUTIFIER Nettle Rash, Physics, and Skin exquisite Skix BEALTIFIER, and Tollet, Bath, and Sursery Manative. Fragrant with delicious flower odors and Cultiuris balsams. Absolutely pure; highly medicinal Indorsed by physicians. Preferred by the citie. Sales in 181 and 182, 1,000,000 cakes. Also specially prepared for Shaving.



Choice Aromatics and the best of French Brandy. Vastly superior to all other gingers, all of which are made with the strongest Alcohol. Cures Colds. Chills. Feverish and Rheumatic symptoms, Ague Pains and Malaria.

symptoms, Ague Pains and Malaria.

Cures Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Flatulency, Crames, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, and lis incidental to change of climate.

A Fruit Stimulant without alcoholic reaction, deliciously flavored, purely medicinal, Sanford's Ginger overcomes exhaustion, allays nervousness, promotes alseen, eradicates a craving for intoxicants, and strengthens those reduced by disease, debility and dissipation.

Beware of all Gingers said to be the same or as ood as Sanford's. Avoid mercenary dealers, who for few cents extra profit try to tore upon you their own fothers when you call for Sanford's Ginger. Sold y druggists, greens, etc. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

COLLINS For the relief and prevention, the



matism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Coughs, Colds, Weak Back, Stemach and Conds, Weak Back, Stomach and Boweis, Shooting Pains, Numbress, Hysteria, Female Pains, Palpitation, Dyscepsia, Liver Complaint, Billions Fever, Malaria and Epidemics, use Collins Plasters (an Electric Battery combined with a Porous Plaster) and laugh at pain. 25 cents everywhere.

(Continued from last week.) How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats fine is soldered on each side of a plate of hard nickel composition metal, and the three are then passed between polished steel rollers. From this plate the various parts of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. are cut and shaped by dies and formers, The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engineturning. The composition metal gives it needed strength, stiffness and solidity, while the written guarantee of the manufacturers warranting each case to wear twenty years proves that it contains all the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from actual results, as many of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth by years of use without wearing through

the gold.

Dubuque, La., Dec. 14, 1880.

I have used one of your James Bose' Gold Watch
Cases for seventien years. I bought it second-hand
and know of its having been used before I got it,
but do not know how long. It looks good for un
years longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case
until so informed by a leweler a short time since.
I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be all
they are represented to be, and more.

O. McCharley, Dep. cod. Int. Rev. 3d Dia. Dec.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Phila-delphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pauphlet showing has James Boes' and Keystone Watch taxes are made. (To be Continued.)

Educate Your Children

Mountain Seminary

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The expenses are less than in any other

School of like grade.

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The following advantages are offered:—First, healthy and beautiful location; Second, a full board of experienced teachers: Third, thorough instruction in the regular academic courses; Fourth, rare facilities for attificate intending to teach; Fifth, through drill in business educations; Sixth, an able and experienced teacher in instrumental and vocal music; Seventh, a pleasant tome in a quiet country village where no temptations to bilieness or vice are presented to pupils. TEACHERS' CLASS.

At the opening of the spring term a teachers' class is formed, which receives daily instruction in all branches taught in our public schools. Familiar lectures will be delivered to this class, by experienced teachers, on modern methods of instruction, modes of government and kindred topics, offers superior advantages to young men and young women desiring a business education. The course emeraces single and Double Entry Rook-keeping, Commission Business, Joint Commission Business, Penmanship, Commercial Law, Wholesale Business and Banking, The latest and best system of Shortland has been infroduced and is thoroughly taught. Good positions readily obtained by graduates from this department who have maintained correct deportment. MINARD COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Fall Term begins Sept. 4,1883.

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FRED L. HUNTINGTON, Malone, New York,

Dumorsome.

A LITTLE PEACH.

A little peach in an orchard grew, A little peach of emerald hae Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,

It grew. One day passing the orchard through, That little peach dawned on the view Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue-Them two

Up at the peach a club they threw; own from the stem from which it grew Fell the little peach of emerald hus

She took a bite and John a chew. And then the trouble began to brew-Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue. Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew They planted John and his sister Sus, And their little souls to the angels flew, Boo-hoo!

But what of the peach of emerald hue, Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew? Ah! well; its mission on earth is through. Adieu!

A Slight Mistake.

She was a thin, narrow, dark-visaged woman with "spees" on, and she carried a package of tracklets and lessiets which she scattered broadcast among the sinners in the Cass Avenue car on which she When only one or two of the pamphlets were left a man got in. He was on his way to the depot, a countryman going home, evidently. He had a big watermelon which he disposed of tenderly on the seat next to him, and a glass flask with a rubber cork stuck boldly ont of his coat pocket. "Heuah!" he parted, as he stuffed his fare in the box. "Hotter than harvestin' up here, ain't it?" Everybody looked cold disapproval at him; all but the woman with the "tracks," She had fished one out and extended it to him. "Thankee," he said, receiving it in a brown paw, "comic almanac, hey?" said the woman firmly, in a high falsetto voice. "It's to save your immortal soul. Touch not, taste not, handle not the wine," and she pointed with a crooked forefinger to the glass flask protruding from his breast pocket. "Ob, I see," said the man, smiling good-humoredly, on his sour-visaged visa-vis: but this bottle ain't for me, ma'am." "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink," quoted the woman fiercely. "He ain't eggsactly my neighbor, eyther," said the man. "You see, it's the new baby, and wife calculates to fetch him up by hand, and this bottle's for him, bless his pootsy tootsy. Where's the rigging of it?" and, diving into another pocket, he fished out some India rubber tubing, etc. The woman didn't wait to finish her dissertation on temperance, but got out without asking the driver to stop .- Detroit Post and Tribune.

Defying the Locomotive.

"Well, sir," said an engineer, as he took a doughnut, "all these accidents occur just by people trying to be smart. I bave seen hundreds of farmers who would stop their teams far enough away from a train, so there would be no danger, but about one in ten acts as though he owned the earth, and if he gets the hind end of his wagon over, he thinks he has achieved something remarkable. I expect to kill a woman out here about one hundred miles one of these days. She drives an old black mare and I think she lays for a train. She sees the train coming and slaps the old mare with the lines and hurries on the track, and the old mare stops as though she was going to eat grass, and then the old lady looks at me in the cab window, through her spectacles, slaps the old mare some more, and she meanders off the track just before I hit her, and the old lady looks back at me just as the engine whirls past, and my heart is in my mouth, and she looks just as though she thought I was running that way for fun. and that I am an impolite thing, because I don't slack up for her. Some day the marsh out there is going to have a shower of black mare and buggy wheels and spectacles, and there will be crape on the old lady's door, and instead of a verdict of suicide the coroner's jury will blame the engineer, and her relatives will sue the company for damages."-Peck's Sun.

A Lucky Circumstance.

Two or three years ago there was a smash-up on the Grand Trunk road, and among the killed was a woman about fifty years old, who lived on the line. The husband was sent for, the body taken care of, and after a few days an agent went down to see how the matter could be settled. "It is a sad affair of course," he observed, "but in a business point of view we must look at her age. She was over fifty and in poor health, then she had weak eyes and a bad cough. She was a wife, of course, but she was also a source of expense and anxiety. While she was a companion in one sense, she had a hack-ing cough and snored in her sleep. Take all these things into consideration, and then tell me what you will settle for." The peppery old man had been moving about uneasily, and as soon as the agent was through he called out: "I don't keer how old she was, nor how bad she coughed, nor how loud she snored! I want this 'ere railroad company to come down with \$300, or I'll sue 'em till they can't rest. And I want you to understand that it's lucky for your infernal old line that I happened to find a widow ready to marry me a week from Sunday! If I hadn't 1'd have stuck for \$400 if it busted the farm !" - Selected.

A PREACHER was holding forth to a large audience at Fort Scott, Kan., and announced for his text: "In my father's house are many mansions," He had hardly ceased speaking when an old coon stood up and said: "I tell you folks dat's a lie. I know his father well. He lives about fifteen miles from Lexington, Kentucky, in an old cabin, and there ain't but one room in the house."

An Irishman having moved West and to a newly settled country where rainy weather was quite prevalent, was asked by an old acquaintance from Minnesota how he liked it. "Och, shure! and I like it first rate. You can take up a handful of the rich soil and squaze the very fat out of it."

"In my time, miss," said a stern auct, "the men looked at the women's faces in-stead of their ankles!" "Ah, but my dear aunt," retorted the pretty young lady, you see that the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to beit looks now more to the understanding."

"WELL," said a jaunty son-in-law, lonnging in from the office with his father's mail, "you've got a postal here from ma, and she says she's met a cy-clone." "Pity the cyclone," was the old gentleman's crusty reply, as he jabbed the pen into the iukstand